# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS. AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENTS.

VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1463.


## Original Poetry.

### BURIED TALENT.

FROM A POEM, BY C. N. PINE.

Could we read men, as God doth read and understand
Of what is starving in the mind and burning in the soul,
The pent-up feelings struggling there like wild, unbroken broke,
And smothered thoughts that vainly strove to wear themselves in words,
How many 'and the mistake, scattered by us now,
Despised, perhaps, by heartless Pride as beings more than low,
Would claim our sympathy and love, our admiration then,
And stand confessed before the world as Nature's noblemen!

How many 'and the evil one doom'd to surrender and
To defeat the manners and the sense, or exercise the
Had Art removed the rubbish that obscures their
The Sibyl-leaves of words' that drain the heart's
neglected mind.

Might have revealed before the world rich stores of
Of raising beauty, and of glorious worth!
And raising bridal friendship tried to rope perfection
brought,
Even as heaven's fire may pioneer earth's hidden
gems are wrought,
And golden harvests reaped where they unguided
have sown!

Beneath the grain-powder of a voice, or sympathy be
stow'd,
The kindly care and fellowship required and taught
by God,
How many flowers by the scorns of pent sentiment
strong,
With fragrance might have fill'd the earth as now
they're living flowers!

Boston Lit. Gaz.

### ALL WILL BE RIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY LUCIUS HOWARD.

All will be right, though we may toss and clamber
The pathway of life now before you appears,
Though all the real fairest with gloom is enshrouded,
And though hope can be seen but afflictions surrounded,
Though tonight can be seen but afflictions surrounded,
All will be right, though the tempest is pelting
Its fearfulness increases in length, depth and strength,
Though loudly the storm-fiend threatens the earth,
Though lightning and thunder may rend the air,
All will be right, though you see not a moment
Of hope to cheer you in the darkness around,
Though tonight around you grows dimmer and dimmer,
Still all will be right.

And pleasures upon you soon now ring in wealth,
You will be surrounded with the outstanding,
Reaching to meet them with conquering might,
Then you will be happy, and then you will be free,
Intimately causing that all will be right.

All will be right, though romance and it confines
You wander in search of the fairy-land of love,
Where warmest and truest the journey seems void
Of
Between you and those you hold dearest on earth
Though you may be parted, and the darkness of
Wrath may through the darkness hide grave your
Still
Nothing true were resolutions can weaken,
Nothing but a triumph and all will be right.

## Original Novelette.

### THE DESERTED WIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION," "THE VALE OF SHADOWS."

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"Across the ways of wilful sin and woe,
Still moves the angel minister of wrath,
Some wayward heart must win it without a struggle,
Some weary one must rest and lay it down,
Or ere the judgment-blow descends for ever,
Some messenger of love, with earnest haste,
Must intervene, and take the work of death
From the inexorable hand appointed,
Lest one should perish."

Bowles.

In no other civil or country in the world is the institution of marriage, especially among the noble family as in our own. In no other civilized country, (except, perhaps, in France, cost at present,) can females be so entirely free with their persons and open such slight grounds. And it may be the very ease with which the sacred bond may be tied, is the less leads many people into forming it so lightly. An obligation so easily annulled may be entered into before the full consideration of its import — Like cases—the contemplated marriage of years is a hasty one—and seems commendable; it is for life, you know— Till death do you part,' and a young man in his teens, who was about to enter into the holy state, with such a one, nearly—there are such things as divorce, reluctantly, brought to repeat the prospective bridegroom—a handsome lassie, of black eyes and white teeth—and his black eyes flashed, and his white teeth gleamed, as though he had been saying the softest word in the world. The youth was in love—therefore he thought—and he was in love for life. He was jesting. Still his words betrayed—that even then, in the hey-day of his passion, a future contingency was present to his mind. That future contingency arrived—would never have arrived—had he not known beforehand of it. Separation, estrangement, and with his young bride sighless to settle. She became the mother of a little girl—but this did not bind—her her beauty and attractions. He left her—to travel in Europe—he said—but years passed, and he returned to his native city, and let her treasure in herself. Freedom is health; injured or regulator, exposed to the misrepresentation of the world; to the miseries of poverty; to the temptations of years, of isolation, and of warm affections, to the pursuit of the homeless, to the fascination of the wicked, or the thoughtless, and aware that all to bear up against—the doubts and suspicions of the good. She was destitute of mental resources—to delicate health—morbidly sensitive, and the rank—and—under the accumulating misfortune of her position—and died—in the twenty-second year of her age, and in the fourth of her wretched marriage.

I was about to cite another case—a second case—when the memory of a third, a fourth, a fifth, a glorious aggregated narrative of deserting, presented themselves to my mind, and passed upon me, and I pause. I cannot recollect any. I am incapable of them. The evils of wedlock are irremediable, at least by foreign interference, and the stories of domestic life are well nigh invisible, so—the case is worse than the disease." Let us look at the causes and the means of prevention, of unhappy marriage. Yet, if you read only for the story, just skip the whole of this chapter, and commence at the next, which opens the drama.

To go back to the beginning—a primary cause of unhappy marriage, is a defective moral and physical education. In our country middle-class education is not what it should be; all other systems of the earth—but not so moral and physical education. Prudence, fortitude, truth, reverence, and fidelity are not inculcated as they should be. Infancy, servitude and enterprise are our national good points at changes, and character improved from use of a young and increasing family upon the primitive strength of the youthful wife and husband. Their pains are extremely limited, and will ever be so, we say, and will grow more so, unless a better system of physical education of our children, and hence rest and exquisite mercantile speculation, ending in insolvency—and hence hasty, unreasonable, and ungrateful separations of heart, home and happiness. We are to oppose the duty of women's education, and the duty of the duty of women's education, and the duty of irregularity and unfaithfulness in business, rather element of truth in and hence broken marriages, and deserted homes.

We fail to inculcate the duty of conversing with our children, and hence rest and exquisite mercantile speculation, ending in insolvency—and hence hasty, unreasonable, and ungrateful separations of heart, home and happiness. We are to oppose

long dead open for the commission or the crime?"

"I fear, Sire, that all precautions will be useless. The conspirators are full of guile, and gifted equally with address and dissimulation."

"But then, if they are a-matched; if the time does not suit to carry the plot into execution?" said the monarch, becoming a little impatient.

"Alas, Sire! there is no longer time. The consistoire chamber with coffin-lining [illegible] is placed from the cave."

The young girl pronounced the last word in a firm tone of voice. A glance, like lightning, glared from her eyes, and before the King could recover from his astonishment, she bounded towards him, armed with a dagger, and with a sure, steady, and strong, stroke took him right at the heart; but, inside her himself, Louis, the Fifteenth, wore a curious coat of purple color. No sooner did ever the steel, and the King, free from danger, grasped the hand that still clutched the dagger.

The attendants that had been posted in the adjoining chambers, instantly rushed in, and laid hold of the young girl. She remained still, calm, motionless, cold as a statue. She did not even make the slightest effort to escape from them. At the moment, the King was informed that the administrators and sheriffs were wishing to obtain an audience of his majesty. They were desired to appear, and it seemed that, as they proceeded to the presence chamber, some one had informed them of the attempt on the King's life, upon being admitted, the administrator thus spoke:

"Sire, I am rendered most miserable by this perfidy, this horrid, this wicked attempt, to disturb the general joy. The guilty person can only be a lunatic; but still she deserves punishment. Your majesty, however, to direct the persons present not to speak one word of this affair. It is not proper that the slightest doubt should be cast upon the honor and loyalty of Strasburgh towards your loyal person."

Then the administrator, turning to the young girl, thus addressed her in German, (of which we here give to know the King and all his courtiers were ignorant:—"Our merciless dis-mastered word took under Easter Aiden—(Sir; our country will have other avengers.)

A King's Lieutenant asked one of the sheriffs what it was the administrator had said to the prisoner.

The latter, with an imperturbable assurance replied, "He has told her that God will punish her priorities with eternal damnation."

The young girl smiled, and then said, "Mere, sire, that word will never redeemer." (No, no, God will have mercy on me.)

She had not yet finished speaking, when the guards entered to lead her away. At the moment in which the King's attendants were about to give her to the soldiers, she slipped from their hands, made a bound towards the window, and disappeared. Her lovely and beauteous form was raised in a minute afterwards from the ground frightfully mutilated, and a general exclamation burst from the assembled—"She was a lunatic!"

Then the evening of the 7th of October, the wine rose, as on the preceding days, from the fountains erected in front of the castle, five-water were exhibited, and the city was illuminated. The population crowded to the spot and no longer believed the sad events we have described occurred; but Louis, the Fifteenth, was no longer the same. He was sad, melancholy; and no longer smiled on Mme. Thurs was joy no more for him: for these words — Be not deceived by outward show"—still rang in his ears.

## Miscellaneous.

### A BEAUTY IN DISQUISE.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Mirror, writing from Saratoga, details the following rash and culpable adventure as the part of a young beauty of a neighboring State:

A most magnificent and exciting instance of female eccentricity and daring recklessness has just transpired here; to the equal amusement and wonderment of all. Some few days were since numerous arrivals in the Southern train, and took lodgings at the Union Hall—a fresh, apparently elegant, eighteen or twenty years old, of singular beauty, with raven locks, a dark and black eye, a complexion in which the lily and the rose seemed vividly striving for the supremacy, a voice of silvery tone and mellow richness, and an ease, dignity and brilliancy of manner altogether unusual in a maid so young, and which attracted attention and excited universal admiration. In short, he appeared to be one of those specimens of beauty and intellect, upon which nature is sometimes so lavish in the bestowment of her gifts, and which are so rare as they are pleasing and attractive; combining all the delicacy and richness of female beauty, with a strengthiness of mind and manner equally marked and unusual.

With a bold, yet by no means rude boldness, he soon made the acquaintance of mothers and Misses, who seemed alike captivated with the young charmer, and exerted his attentions with jealous rivalry; the former confiding in his purity as a protection to their daughters, and the latter enslaved and enraptured by the beauty of his person and the elegance of his dress. In the ballroom, with his inebriating cross cast listlessly to the side, his symmetrical limbs, his contracted waist, his round, full chest, his delicate hands and fine feet, as he moved with exquisite elasticity and grace through the dance, all eyes and hearts alike were fastened with lavish intensity. After thus rioting a week amid the most extravagant effervescence of fair expectant daughters, the young "Count Rodeo," as he hooked himself, suddenly disappeared.

From a fear of detection, or some other cause, he resigned to the neighboring village of Ballston, and entered the National Law School there as a pupil, under the pretense that his parents would be on a visit to see with the look of his huge gaze. Struck with his appearance, and the ease and eloquence of his conversational powers, the President, J. W. Fowler, Esq., assigned him at once a performance of self speaking, which, with the trial and argument of causes, form a prominent part in the exercises of the Institution. To this, the students' repertoire were put to a test to sever for a matter of more amusement; and Saturday afternoon which the presence of the hundred young gentlemen connected with the School might effect, and certainly would render most embarrassing and trustful, he again took French leave, returned to this place, and stepped out of the same hotels, where he first made his appearance with a cool assurance, as if reflecting on no event of the week.

During his former visit he had coquetted with the fair one, and made three or four solemn protestations of love, which had awakened a mistress hope in as many unscrupulous hearts. Hence the news of his return fell to many eager but unsuspected inquiries for his whereabouts. Yesterday morning a carriage drew a fine-looking, middle aged gentleman, with his lady, in a state of astonishment and nervous excitement, having traced their errant daughter of both to the theatre of her comic-stage adventures; and being directed to her lodging, they sought her rooms, tore off her fine name disguise, and last evening to distinguish her from those her assumed personal charms, and her shortened locks, which, to complete the illusion, she had crimped and subjected to the hand of the barber. As to the cause of this strange adventure of the young girl, the sad, unappreciable fancies of the parents foolish inquiry, and the effect ended as it began—a mystery.

### THE ILLITERATE ROBBER.

The managers which we are about to describe might succeed in France, but we suppose it would be wholly ineffectual to restore a rubber from conviction in this country, where if a lad is not educated the indigency one can read.

A gentleman passing late at night over the Pont-Neuf in Paris, was accosted by a polite and seemingly respectful stranger, who asked him to read a paper that he had just picked up. The gentleman held up his lantern and complied. The following is a literal translation of it:

Speak not a word when the you've read
Or in an instant you'll be dead:
Give up your money, watch and rings,
Or your existence things
Or else I'll shoot you through the head,
Only remember silence still.

The gentleman thought it best to deliver up his valuables to the robber.

The robber was afterwards recognized by the person robbed, and arrested. He identity was positively sworn to, and the following confession was made by the criminal:

"I, Jacques Pierre, confess that on the evening specified, I met that gentleman on the Pont Neuf, and the temptation occurred to be too related to resist, for I am far from being guilty. I cannot read; the paper I found I thought I might get an acquaintance. Seeing that the gentleman had a gold lantern, I begged him to do me the favor to read the paper. He complied, and then, to my surprise, put his watch, rings, and money, into my hands. I then accosted that I could not say him what he meant, and supposed that the paper had told him to give them to me, and I put them in my pocket, and started, to get rid of me. Thus if any one was wronged, it was I, and I hope you have will be done me.

Justice, however, was not done the rogue—for he was acquitted.—*American Artisan.*

DESTITUTION.—The general demonstration of rose bugs by the season of fruit trees, brings to mind the following extract from the journal of the Rev. Mr. Rupert, in 1794. "Finding packed my locusts grapes; crop much injured by attack of rose bugs in the spring. Query:—Wanster Noah was justifiable in preserving the class of insects."—*Cleveland Herald.*

## FROM THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

### PAYING AN OLD DEBT.

BY A SEXTON OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

A merchant, very extensively engaged in commerce, and located upon the Long Wharf, died, February 18, 1800, at the age of 73, intestate—His eldest son administrator—Estate insolvent—This son gentleman and pleasantly in say, But, for many years he had been a very large member of the Catholics, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and, being, in addition to his very successful connection with the fishing business, knew his duty he was certainly well known; and to the present day the Catholic fishermen say, "*We will not ever down along shore*" from the "Grocer's Nose to Lake Pool." Considering his property, purchased, in very considerable size, was found after his death carefully tied up, and labelled as follows: "*Mares, Sardines, and various species of sundry persons, down along shore. Some of these may be got by the Catholic consuls.*" *For the people — part most of them have had forbidden.' Inel. My children will have no duty listed here. Perhaps they will stand with me, that it is best to have their package cancer."*

"About a month," said my informant, "after our father died, the sons met together, and, after some preliminary talk, the eldest proposed that the administrator, produced this package, of whose existence we were already apprised, read the names, quantities, and added what course should be taken in regard to it. Another brother, a few years younger than myself, was still at the age of extensive temperament, unable at the moment to express himself, and, therefore, the lot of hearing more from his eyes with one hand, by a spectacle-jerk of the other, towards the fire-place, indicated his wish to have the package put into the flames. It was suggested, by another of our number, that it might be well, first, to make a list of the debtors' names, and of the dates, and amounts, that we might know what to look for, and what was due to us for all, to inform such as might offer payment, that their debts were forgiven. On the following day, the administrator—the lot—and a large number of—and all the notes, due-bills, and accounts, whose amount, altogether, exceeded fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, were committed to the flames.

"It was about five years after our father's death," continued my informant, "in the month of June, that, as I was sitting in my eldest brother's counting-room, Capt. Cheever, of the —— came in. We are afraid this will not do as an answer to the question, but it is the best I can give, of which, was like it, is equivalent to a formal declaration on the part of the Nicaragua Canal Company, that the latter part of that river, and the harbor and town, belong to it. In addition to this, the Mr. Cass, the vernment of Nicaragua has consequently entered into a contract with the Canal Company, which is of no consequence," and that "her Majesty's Government is bound to protect the King of Mosquito in the possession of the territory belonging to him, and to prevent any encroachment upon it." Now, we are aware that

# United States SATURDAY POST.

## Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1849.

### BLUE LIMESTONE.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette advances the theory that Cholera is always more fatal where the blue limestone formation prevails, and where the water used is strongly imbued with limestone. He says:

The truth of the theological theory appears to be fully sustained now as it was in 1832. The miasma passes around all the primary and arenaceous formations, except the water there used be imbued with calcareo-magnesian elements; for example: New Orleans suffers, being on the Mississippi, while Mobile escapes, by reason of being supplied with water, from Springhill, free from all mineral elements. The disease, I believe, has never become epidemic on the coast line of the States of Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, or North Carolina; this includes the most insalubrious region in the Union. It will be brought into seaports there—as Charleston—but does not prove epidemic; the exception only proves the rule. It passes now as it did in 1832, around West Tennessee; all the sandstone formations above this city, on both sides of the Ohio, and Emmetsburg, Maryland; it takes but slight hold of Philadelphia and New York, and most of the cases are probably attributable to the use of well water, acid and crude vegetables and fruits, and doses of Magnesia and Epsom salts, aggravated by the immense influx of foreigners into the latter city. It avoids Nantucket, (arenaceous) and West Point, (primary.) The cholera influence is general, we all respire it, but if we take nothing to render it active, it rests inert. The inhabitants of the coast above mentioned, for more than a thousand miles, need no precaution in their mode of living, and the same remark will apply to the dwellers on the granite formation of New England: the Cochituate water is probably clear of all pernicious elements, therefore Boston has but little to apprehend.

It is only surprising that New York escapes as well as it does, considering the daily arrival of crowded emigrant ships, by which, the otherwise very slightly infectious character of the disease becomes aggravated amongst those confined with the sufferers, crowded and heated till the air becomes pestilential; such is now the case here, where six or eight persons are confined to a small room, badly ventilated, filled with disgusting effluvia from filth, and bodies covered with flannel unchanged for weeks, and to whom clean linen and washing are almost strangers!

If the citizens of New York were now compelled to drink our spring water, the mortality would reach five hundred per day!

St. Louis is supplied with Missouri water; the cholera there assumes the most malignant form; it being on the Missouri side, and but twenty miles below the mouth of that river, the water at that place is found not to have mixed with that of the Upper Mississippi; the pestilence passed from St. Louis up the Missouri with most deadly influence, while it takes but little hold on the towns of the Upper Mississippi! There appears to be some peculiar quality in the Missouri water giving deadly effect to cholera; we hear sometimes of more than fifty deck passengers, (emigrants) dying on a four day's trip, from New Orleans to St. Louis! but it is seldom that a cabin passenger dies; those Southern people, and New Orleans traders, are little addicted to the use of *water alone*, and at present shun it most cautiously in their trips on the river; the poor emigrant drinks the impure water of the river, he has not the means to procure a *counter poison*, and may even add a little vinegar, unconscious that he is hastening the catastrophe! No one will tell him to go to the boilers, get hot water, let it settle and cool, then drink it, with an infusion of tea, balm, mint, &c., or if the stomach and bowels require, a few spoonsful of brandy.

Great surprise is sometimes expressed at the strange movements of the disease—jumping over one place and attacking another; you have only to look at the geology of certain places to know that it *will pass them*—the blue limestone formations are usually attacked with the greatest severity, the exception is from the river supply of water, at St. Louis.

JOHN LEA.

*July 12, 1849.*

### WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

The daughter of a much admired dowager Duchess recently completed her education at a very superior establishment, not a mile from Portland Place, where she became intimately acquainted with the daughter of Sir G——, an eminent brewer, and magistrate at a borough town, not one hundred miles from the metropolis; though his occupation in trade was unknown to her ladyship, and who, therefore, allowed her daughter to accept a very pressing invitation from her *cidevant* school fellow. After about a week's absence mamma received a letter from her lively sprig of title, giving a narrative of her proceedings, and especially of a dance given by Sir G—— the night before, adding, "and what do you think, mamma, I danced with a woollen draper." The Duchess exclaiming: "Good heavens, ruined, and myself eternally disgraced," went off into hysterics, and, when recovering, ordered four horses immediately to ——, to rescue her daughter from such impending ruin. When arrived, the astonished Sir G—— rushed to the door, and conducted the scornful Duchess to a sofa, where half choked with indignation and excitement, she exclaimed, "I must insist on my daughter's immediate leaving: I never thought your assumed friendship would come to this," pointing to the last words of her daughter's letter. Upon which Sir G—— began explaining, that in the country, especially in a borough town, we should be without society if we confined our visiting to titled acquaintance; and that besides, the gentleman alluded to was highly respected, very opulent, and likely even to be the borough member. Duchess—"Oh, Sir G——, but a woollen draper—a woollen draper!" Sir G——, resuming, assured her ladyship that he was not a petty retail dealer, but a manufacturer—a wholesale dealer, and contractor with government. "Oh, Sir G——," exclaimed the Duchess, "if you will pledge your honor that he does not cut, I will be a friend again." Sir G—— pledged his faith—hands were shaken—and the Duchess herself actually danced the next night with this self-same wholesale woollen draper.

THE COTTON CROP.—The following data of the cotton crop of the United States, for the last thirteen years, will be interesting to many of our readers. It will be perceived how almost invariably a late bloom is followed by an early frost:

| Year. | When in bloom. | First frost. | Extent of crop. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1836 | June 4 | Oct. 14 | 1,422,000 |
| 1837 | May 7 | Oct. 27 | 1,800,000 |
| 1838 | June 14 | Oct. 7 | 1,360,000 |
| 1839 | May 24 | Nov. 7 | 2,177,000 |
| 1840 | June 6 | Oct. 17 | 1,634,000 |
| 1841 | June 10 | Oct. 15 | 1,683,000 |
| 1842 | May 17 | Nov. 1 | 2,379,000 |
| 1843 | June 12 | Oct. 30 | 2,030,000 |
| 1844 | May 31 | Oct. 30 | 2,394,000 |
| 1845 | May 30 | Nov. 9 | 2,100,000 |
| 1846 | June 10 | Nov. 1 | 1,800,000 |
| 1847 | May 20 | Nov. 27 | 2,348,000 |
| 1848 | June 1 | Nov. 20 | 2,700,000 |
| 1849 | June 1? | | |

[*N. O. Crescent.*

☞ SAFE SEAL.—A letter closed with the white of an egg cannot be opened with the steam of boiling water, like a common wafer, as the heat only adds to its firmness.

# The Gold Regions.

## FROM CALIFORNIA.

There has recently been a great mass of intelligence spread before the country, in the shape of letters, &c., from California. Perhaps a reasonable portion of our space this week, could not be better filled than by a compend of it.

The "Inquirer," of this city, of a recent date, contains the following, which we think may be relied upon:

# General News.

THE NEW CENSUS.—We publish the following Circular, in order to let the public see what is wanted in Washington by the Census Department:—*National Intelligencer.*

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, July 10, 1849.

SIR:—Will you have the kindness to inform the Census Board immediately what subjects embraced within the Census of 1840 have no practical bearing upon the resources of your State, and which had better be dispensed with to the admission of more important considerations. Please also inform the Board what subjects not embraced in the Sixth Census would, in your opinion, be worthy of notice in the Census of 1850.

### THE ABDUCTION CASE.

The trial of the Spanish Consul, charged with abducting the young Spaniard, Rey, is proceeding in New Orleans. One of the witnesses testified that the Consul, several weeks previous to the abduction, had sent for him, and offered to pay him well if he would seize Rey and put him on board of a vessel bound for Havana. Others expressed their firm conviction that Rey was made drunk and put on board the schooner, which immediately left for Havana. The evidence is very strong against the Consul.

SENSIBLE POLITICIANS.—In Indiana, the canvass for Governor is conducted in a manner that deserves to be remembered. The Brookville American says: "Mason and Wright are canvassing the State very pleasantly together. They ride, eat and sleep together, nothing personal or unpleasant occurring to mar their kind feelings for each other. They are both professors of religion, and members of the same church. This is the first instance in the history of our State when both candidates travel and speak together. Their arrangements are for each to speak one hour, and then to close with a half-hour speech from each, making in all three hours."

LAMENTABLE.—The Forsyth (Georgia) Bee, of the 25th ultimo, records a suicide of an unusual character. A person by the name of Sutton, ha-

THE

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## A MAMMOTH PAPER.

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THE LEADING PERIODICAL IN AMERICA!

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

*NEW VOLUME—JULY,* 1849.

G. R. GRAHAM, J. R. CHANDLER, J. B. TAYLOR, EDITORS.

THE vast increase of our last volume has totally exhausted our supply of numbers, and we propose to *commence a volume of unrivalled splendor with the July number.*

Our distinguished artist, W. E. Tucker, Esq., has been sent by us to Europe, to secure, with the aid of American artists abroad, a succession of most Splendid Illustrations, and thus, with the aid of our home force, we shall present every novelty as it arises fresh to our readers.

ONWARD AND UPWARD! VICTORIOUS AND TRIUMPHANT!!

SICK HEADACHE. COSTIVENESS. DYSPEPSIA. LIVER COMPLAINT. SPASMS. DIARRHOEA. DYSENTERY. SUMMER COMPLAINT. CHILLS AND FEVER. JAUNDICE. BILIOUSNESS. FEMALE COMPLAINTS. ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. ERYSIPELAS. FLATULENCE. PALPITATION OF THE HEART. GIDDINESS. SCROFULA.

I. O. O. F.

MASONIC AND ODD FELLOWS REGALIA — FOR LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS

J. W. & E. D. STOKES,

*Merchant Tailors and Wholesale Dealers in Clothing, Manufacturers of Regalia, Robes, Costumes, &c.*

No 154 Market Street below Sixth Street.

## Selected Poetry.

FROM THE CENTURY MONTHLY.

### THE BATTLE OF CHANGE.

BY CHAS. MACKAY, L. L. D.

Great thoughts are lowering in the world's wide breast;
The time is laboring with a mighty birth.
The old alone fall.
Men wonder up and down in wild unrest;
A season of change preparing for the Earth.
Broods over all.

There lies a gloom on all things under heaven—
A gloom premature to the quiet seer,
Who sees no joy to bring dawn
Outward pain can taper, even to change again:
Who never walk but on the beaten ways,
And note the hours as measured by the sun,
Men who would rather sit and sleep
Where sunbeams through the trees may creep,
Each at his door-post all alone,
Heedless of noise of distant wars,
Than wake and listen to the same
Of waves wind-formed, rushing to the shore—
Or hear, far off, the melancholy roar
Of billows, whose wild waves, lashing against the shore,
Deep on their ravished seem the shadow lies;
And in that shadow some and pale,
While fitful lightnings wide upon the skies,
And mystic voices cleave the midnight air,
Tremble plant-cries awaited in man and flame—
The mighty shapes of things without a name.
Mingling with forms more palpably defined,
That whirl and dance like leaves upon the wind,
Then descending in long array there come,
Dim forth to bustle in a cloud-like rout,
Their plaintiveness in these the social events,
An events the human language fashioned.
Oh who would live, they cry, in time like this!
A time of comfort dawns, and wealth grows fast
Wars end, and new, over a dark abyss,
Fight the gray tenor of the routine change!
And still before their eyes discovered kings,
Dimmish chiefs, and equal grooms stand,
Fit by—enclosed—with all incongruous things,
Sweeping in one and fill on pinions to the wave—
While here and there, amid a golden light,
Angelic forms, crown conscience over the world,
Which given no instinct are extinguished quite,
Or change to sinful shade, or spectral hue of night.

But not to me—oh! not to me appear
Eternal glooms. I see a brighter sky.
I feel the humble motion of the spirit
And lying down upon the grass, I hear
Far, far away, yet drawing near,
A low, sweet sound of ringing melody
I see the cool-winged armies in the air
I see the battle and the conclusion—
I know the cause on which their weapons clash;
I hear the motion music and the chains,
The shock of hosts, the armor clash,
As downright strokes descend, but the sword I omit,
Adorn the utterance of the Time to be,
The well-won victory of the Right
The laying down of war-ten swords and spears:
The reconciliation of entirely despised
Of Universal Truths and Music—
Whose long co-engagement, fitting each with each,
Gave every manly heart, divinely fired
To noble deeds, and high emprise,
To reconcile them, never more to sunder
For, to every above the enlightened mind
I see the splendor of another day.
Ever more richer tints begin
There low heats darkness ever man
It is a sad shrivels up." It melts away!

## Leaves from History

### THE TWO EMPERORS. AT ERFURTH, IN 1808.

We translate from a French magazine the lively description which Madame Schoepenhauer, the German authoress, gives of the celebrated interview between the Emperor Napoleon and the Emperor Alexander, of Russia, at Erfurth, in the North of Germany, towards the close of 1808.

Just then, Napoleon found it a matter of vital policy to conciliate the Russian Emperor. He had some startling acts of tyranny to sustain; and great Europeans thought lifted his imagination above fearing the horrified if Russia as such a nature, he would to secure the alliance, or, at least, the neutrality of such a formidable neighbor. A little before, he had taken "the Royal wrist Charles,"—Charles the Fourth, of Spain—and his son Ferdinand, who had both appealed to him, to settle their family differences, invited them both up in separate French prisons, and taken military possession of Spain first, and Portugal after; and though, in the treaty of Tilsit, concluded the year before, this piece of robbery was conspicuously recognized—yet the consciences of the deed were disturbing the dreams of Napoleon. For, Spain, loosed by her chiefs and prizes, rose up in simultaneous resistance against the French garrisons. England had there found a vented into the scale against him, and fanned the fire of insurrection, from one end of the ancient kingdom to the other; and the Berlin of Joseph had threatened to put an end to the French occupation. Prussia, too, so lately disarmed by Napoleon, was teeming her Jagendlead, rose to be made famous by the pens and swords of her Uhlands and Korners, and Arndts; was secretly, but resolutely within her marches, for one more death grapple with the conqueror of America.

All these things were against the Emperor Napoleon—and darkened the current of his reveries doubtless, as he took his magnificent way through Germany to the imperial rye. But his inscrutable pale face betrayed no perturbation. Meeting several grand divisions of his troops, proceeding from the Rhine, to reinforce the armies of the peninsula, he reviewed them with his usual air of calm courage and calculated their numbers, and the remainder of their journey, by a bulletin such as used to stir them up like a flourish of trumpets. And still further to hide any appearance of anxiety under a cover of entertainment rare, he had ordered Talma, Mademoiselle Mars and the other great dramatic performers of Paris to repair to Erfurth for the purpose of exhibiting to his partisans all the magnificence of the French stage. The Emperors arrived and embraced with all the tokens of cordiality, and the festivities of that celebrated interview were prolonged for seventeen days.

"What an extraordinary movement," says Madame Schoepenhauer, on eye witness, "moving here and there (also) visitors within the narrow limits of the German village of Erfurth in 1808! The street was stained, a strange one, in which the astonishing man who has already slept many years on the rock of St. Helena, from the tidal flower of his life, brought together in this place, as with the stroke of an enchanter's wand, Emperors and Kings and the most remarkable of living men. Towns folks and peasants, strangers from distant countries, costumes in costume richly embroidered and somewhat ridiculous from the antiquity of their fashion, Polish Jews, statesmen and officers covered with orbons and crosses, citizens, wives, ladies elegantly dressed, peasant girls with their baskets on their backs—all hurried here and there, meeting and rebuzzing to make way. From time to time French troops pouring with the music of bands to the re-ran-gun and salute by the crowd and relations of the streets. The town of Erfurth was not large enough for the strangers who came crowding into it. The principal inhabitants were driven from their apartments in those of their servants to make room for the suite of the Emperor. In the streets more removed from the centre the towns folks were delighted with the golden harvest they gathered from their lodgers. The inns were filled to overflowing.

"Napoleon had ordered to Erfurth the principal actors of the Theatre—Francais. Talma, Madlle. Georges, Madlle Mars, the most distinguished performing Sovereign appeared several times a week in their parts before the august audience. A little theatre which had been formed in an old college had been arranged with wonderful promptitude and elegance.

"But tickets were distributed to nobles and foreign ladies, for every representation, but it was not easy to obtain them. It was necessary to solicit as a long correspondence with our friends in the court of the Grand Duke of Weimar, and to make a deal of intriguing and manoeuvring on their part was necessary to procure for myself and my family the happiness to obtain tickets for a representation of the tragedy of Zulgan, in which Talma and Mademoiselle Georges were to appear.

"We set out from Weimar to Erfurth. On my arrival we repaired to the theatre in the same crowd, but which we had hired, and then tried to get along the streets, but the crowd there obliged us to make our way back again. Having got in, we were led to look over our tickets, but to our horror and consternation we found two of those printed for each, everything in the room up side down, but in vain. The tickets were not to be found. The mis-ney ers boy had probably made some unfortunate selection of them; there was a considerable traffic of those things in the town. Engaged with several of Erfurth without friends or recommendations often purchased them at a loss to our cost.

"If we had been offered a thousand with us' said one of our youngest female companions, for a soldier with a determination not to submit to be cheated by an excellent idea. Among our acquaintance at Erfurth we soon discovered the very curacies we wanted, and it was decided that we should go in a body waited to the theatre, through the crowds that besieged all the avenues to it.

"On the top of the stairs we were received by a minister of the Grand, with a very formidable face, who disposed us in several boxes in the hall which as yet was nearly empty. I was happy enough to be placed, with two of my friends at the front of a box near the stage, whereas we could see all that passed in the pit. We congratulated each other on being so well placed; but our pleasure was of short duration. The house soon was filled to suffocation. To a short time the door of ours was opened hastily. The pos d' avec or wherever he was that stood sentinel over our box, came to say that three chairs were too much for three ladies, and immediately introduced to our ours two other ladies, who much to our relief were of our acquaintance. All the boxes, as well as ours, were soon full. We were unmercifully crowded, and could hardly move, while the heat was enough to make any one faint; but just then we had no interest for anything of the kind. The importance of the great spectacle which was forming itself under our eyes in the pit occupied our thoughts so much that everything else was forgotten.

"Immediately before the stage were placed arm chairs for the two Emperors, Napoleon and Alexander, and, alongside, ordinary chairs for the Kings and reigning Princes The space behind these seats was rapidly filled up. We saw enter the Statesmen and Generals of the several powers of Europe—men known by name and renown, and who become a part of the world's history. Uniforms covered with gold and an air of vivacity and assurance distinguished the French from the more solemn and modest Germans. There were Berthier, Duke of Valentinois, Prince of Neufchatel, Lannes, many others equally celebrated; it seemed as if the greatness of their master was reflected in the aspect of each. Amethe the latter, his calm, cold, cagelled look, and the venerable Wieland. They had accompanied the Grand Duke of Weimar to Erfurth. The Duke of Gotha and several German Princes, originally so allied to those reigning, were grouped about the two sovereigns and their courtiers.

"A rolling of drums was heard outside. 'It is the Emperor,' cries through the hall in a loud voice.

"'Fools! what are you about?' said a commanding officer to the drummers, 'it is only a King!'

"In effect, the Emperor Alexander had entered the hall. Three others appeared, in a little time after. Without counting the numerous suite of Italian, Saxony and Wurtemberg entered. The King of Wurtemberg, Jerome, who came from the throne of Westphalia, Murat, Grand Duke of Berg, and Joachim, Grand Duke of Weimar to Erfurth. The Duke of Gotha and several German Princes, originally so allied to those reigning, were grouped about the two sovereigns and their courtiers.

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"'At last, a fresh rolling of drums was heard, louder that before, and all eyes were turned to the place of entrance. Napoleon appeared. He appeared at last—this most incomprehensible man of his incomprehensible times. Dressed very simply in uniform, he slightly saluted the sovereigns present who had been obliged to wait for him so long, and took his arm-chair on the floor of our box did not they could, in the intervals between the acts, to observe the punctilious etiquette to the letter towards the master of the world. 'Take down that opera glass, the Emperor does not like it,' cried one of them, issuing over the ladies seated behind our box; 'hit up and don't stretch out your neck the Emperor does not like that,' cried another. The impatience, nerves, to be sure, was very great, but we took pattern by the Kings and Princes before us, and the etiquette at the banks of the Frenchman what we could not remedy.

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"The auctioneer demanded of the crowd if he was in time, which, of course, they unanimously answered in the negative.

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"He hat plainly left, I've no doubt, sir. Never take any goods back, sir, when they're sold,' said the auctioneer, the stranger's note to a little few-faced clerk behind him.

"The stranger took a sudden notion to inspect his pocket-book as if he really expected to find another fifty there, which doubtless he did not.

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The cobbler took a sharp knife and ripping off the sole of his shoe, threw it at the feet of his illustrious guest

"What does this mean?" cried the latter.

"Look at the cantrect!" replied the cobbler.

Satan examined the contract, and found that the word was spelt sole, which only entitled him to the piece of leather. He turned on his heel, and would if something his head, and he has been called "Old Scratch" ever since.

## Wit and Humor.

A MOCK AUCTIONEER TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR.

Those bold buccaneers, who so impudently flaunt their piratical flags in Broadway, and other public places, have frequently been known to cry down the "sawdust of justice," and laughed at the law, hats and all, but laugh always with them, and never by chance it is against them, we think all honest men should share in the fun.

"Going! going!! going!!!—only twenty-five dollars! fine splendid, gold, double-coated, patent lever watch! sixteen jewels, warranted!" cried a fashionable vision from a store in Broadway, over the door of which was mounted the red flag, and in the window of which various conspicuous placards announced the sale of *splendid jewelry!* *Cheap watches!* &c., &c.

"Going! going!! only twenty-five dollars! dirt cheap, gentlemen—worth a hundred dollars at the corner!"

This last sentence was pointed at a long-lagged, gawky looking person, who stood in the door just at that moment. He was evidently a green countryman, a sucker, and the lures were all set for him. He was the victim, was judged, to have a small pile about him. A single glance of the sucker's eye was sufficient to convince him that the very business-looking men, his confederates, who immediately began to take a very deep interest in the sale. "A bargain! a dead bargain! I'll give thirty," said one of the *Peters*, handling the *patent lever* with rapture.

"Well, no lunacies in Pompey's palace!"

"Well, I'll give you thirty-five, sir, and that's the end of it," said the Yankee, with the air of one determined to have a bargain, to get a slight view of the watch.

"Not much, sir; shall I say forty, forty, sir?"

"Well, I guess it's no use of sich a high figure; but I'll say it fore; you Yorkers are not used to say how."

"All this time the stranger, who had gradually worked his way into the crowd, seemed to have been unnoticed by them, so intent were they on the sale. The Yankee had now become quite excited, for a Vermonter was gaping with greedy eyes at the splendid, gold, double-cased, patent lever, prepared all at once to be aware of his presence.

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## TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

A Frenchman whose wife was about to present him with the long application of "ladies" returned to await the happy moment; and with some friends to drink long life and a nobby to the first born. The punch bowl scattered its inviting fumes most prodigally around the company and anxiety was manifested as to when it will betray Lagrifice, or, claiming—

"Joy, joy, sir! I give you joy."

"Vat is he Barry, sir? is he well?"

"A fine boy, sir!"

"Shall he be young Marquis?" exclaimed one and bumpers went round.

"Barry, you must drink van lite to the jong Marquis."

Barry raised the glass to her lips, when in raised the cry—

"Joy, joy, sir, I give you joy!"

"Vat—him—is de matter?"

"A fine girl, sir!"

"Betty," said the Frenchman, looking stern, "vat is de matter wid you?"

"Oh," said the nurse, "a boy first and a girl afterwards."

"Vat, two,—two boy,—two fille."

"Two, sir," added the dame, and helping herself to a bumper, she drank it off, and prayed for another—

"Barry?" exclaimed the Frenchman, "vat more joy?"

"Another face boy, sir!"

"Vat, two more fille girl,—van boy,—two girl,—two more? *Mon Dieu!*" hurled the poor Frenchman, "I shall be ruin! I will never do *I must go and put a stop to this!*"

CORRESPONDING.—The editor of the Louisville Bee has a great an concordance Here are his two last, which is an unsatisfactory kind of letter to Nelson Pirayone and Dolls—

Dear Sir—Yours received.

Yours, &c.

Barry well, Come—how a you?"

Pooty, tank goodness. I say, nuggs, why ain't you bring me a bottle of wine? I'm beat of night thirty," said one of the *Peters*, handling the *patent lever* with rapture.

"Well, no lunacies in Pompey's palace!"

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W. D.

*Boston, Saturday Evening Gazette, 1841.*

TRIBUTE AGAIN.—That old gentleman, although he considered rather fatty than otherwise, has been served some very acute brains. Among the number of his admirers was a certain Corsican named Napoleon Buonaparte, who became a large with him, and after enjoying every variety of dressing, he was seized upon at the end of the table by the carver, and placed in the centre of the bird.

The cobbler took a sharp knife and ripping off the sole of his shoe, threw it at the feet of his illustrious guest

"What does this mean?" cried the latter.

"Look at the cantrect!" replied the cobbler.

Satan examined the contract, and found that the word was spelt sole, which only entitled him to the piece of leather. He turned on his heel, and would if something his head, and he has been called "Old Scratch" ever since.

## The Holy Land.

FROM SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

### THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

BY THE REV. J. F. DURBIN, D. D.

Lebanon, or Libanus, has been from time immemorial the theme of beautiful regret in the East, and is rich in historical associations, both sacred and profane. Moses on Mount Pisgah, at the foot of Israel was about to cross the Jordan—I pray you let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain Lebanon.—[Deut. xxxiii. 25.] Joshua has ventured with the remnant of the true host at Jerusalem. It was the good land of Hadad-King of Syria, he is described with this celebrated building, as that Solomon, Hiram, Lebanon, and the Temple of God, are together, and the cedars of Lebanon made into cleans by sacred history. The Temple has completely disappeared, but the mountain of Lebanon still stands, and the crown of his heavy and barren head are the few patriarchal cedars of God. Even the Turk they respect, who has a dark cloud resting on the carpet of state, and in the fifth of Lebanon, which he has not yet driven from a Syrian van. Let us pay them a visit, which we must do quickly for in a few years they too will be numbered with the past.

The European pilgrim enriches the first glimpse of Lebanon, as he approaches it from Damascus, with a mental ecstasy between those two Christian sects—the Maronites and the Druses—which has not yet commanded the whole country; but being divided, they are ruled by the Druses.

Although there is such a variety of religion in Lebanon, and the several sects are darkly grouped together in their fastnesses, yet the great body of the inhabitants are descendants of the ancient Canaanites, who, in the days of Joshua, were in a social condition. They have maintained their independence amid all political changes, and have never been conquered by any of the great powers of the world. And although they pay a small tax to the Turkish government, they still hold under the Druse banner flag. That their mountain homes may be inaccessible to the invader, they have refused to make roads, and the consequence is that the mules and horses of the country are the strongest because of the best in the world. In the central portions of the mountains chiefly, yet sparsely scattered throughout the whole, are the Christian remnants of the ancient Canaanites. The Maronites are the most numerous, and are the strongest in the Roman Pontiff. Yet there is a moral sincerity between these two Christian sects which is beautiful. They have united their efforts to command the whole country; but being divided, they are ruled by the Druse